

# The Black and Gold

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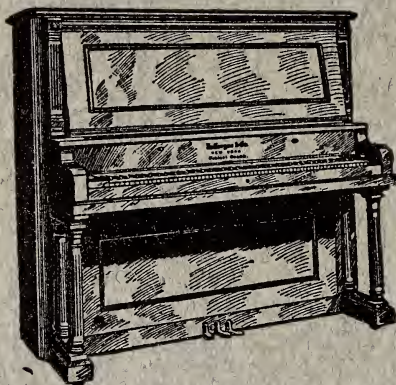


The Senior Class Number  
Winston-Salem City High School

MAY, 1916



# DO NOT EXPERIMENT




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BLACK AND GOLD STAFF

# The Black and Gold

*Published four times during each School Year by the Students  
of the Winston-Salem City High School*

Entered at the Post Office at Winston-Salem, N. C., as  
Second Class Mail Matter

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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JOSEPH COOK, '16	EDWIN NASH, '16	CARL LONG, '16
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VOL. VI

MAY, 1916

No. 4

## DEDICATION

WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS, THE LAST NUMBER  
OF OUR MAGAZINE, TO THE HEAD OF OUR  
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

## MISS MARY WILEY

WHO HAS DIRECTED OUR LITERARY EFFORTS  
AND ASPIRATIONS WITH SO MUCH  
PATIENCE AND ABILITY

## Class of '16



THELMA ADAMS

"Brownie"

*"To know her was to love her."*

Member of Rooters' Club;  
Member of Program Committee of Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Member of Athletic Association.

BESSIE AMBLER

"Bess"

*"The uncertain glory of an April day."*

Class Prophetess; Editor-in-Chief of Black and Gold; Corrector of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, 1st term; Member of Rooters' Club.







LUELLA COCHRAN

"Sister"

*"Words from her pen naturally flow."*

Class Poet; Press Reporter of Charles D. Melver Literary Society; Member of Rooters' Club. Associate Editor Black and Gold.

RUTH CRAVER

"Ruthum"

*"Great thoughts, great feelings came to her,  
Like instincts, unawares."*

Member of Athletic Association.





RUBY DAVIS

*"Oobi"**"Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind."*

Member of Rooters' Club.

HELEN FLETCHER

*"Fletch"**"She looks as clear as morn-  
ing roses newly washed  
with dew."*Class Statistician; Chairman  
of Program Committee of  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society; Member of Orches-  
tra; Member of Rooters' Club.



LENA HANES

"Rags"

*"Unthinking, idle, wild, and  
young,  
I laughed, and danced, and  
talk'd and sung."*

Member of Rooters' Club.

NELL HORTON

"Saint"

*"Looks freshest in the fashions  
of the day."*

Class Historian; Secretary of  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society, 1st and 2nd terms;  
Leader of Rooters' Club;  
Member of Athletic Associa-  
tion.







NANNA JOHNSON

"Coon"

*"And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me."*

Member of Program Committee of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, 1st and 2nd terms; Member of Rooters' Club; Member of Athletic Association.

ALMA LACKEY

"Ma"

*"To business that we love we  
rise betimes and go to it  
with delight."*

Member of Rooters' Club.





MAUDE LONG

"Midget"

*"There was a soft and pen-  
sive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her  
face."*

Secretary of Class; Member  
of Student Council; Member  
of Rooters' Club; Compiler  
of Quotations for Senior Black  
and Gold.

FRANCES MEDEARIS

"Dink"

*"Sweet promptings unto kind-  
est deeds were in her very  
looks."*

Vice-President of Class; Cor-  
rector of Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society; Member of  
Rooters' Club; "Fun-Maker"  
for Senior Black and Gold.





NOLIE PARRISH

"Noch"

*"Those about her  
From her, shall read perfect  
warp of honor."*

Member of Rooters' Club.

MARY POLLARD

"Missie"

*"Happy am I, from care I'm  
free,  
Why aren't they all contented  
like me?"*

Member of Rooters' Club;  
Member of Athletic Association;  
Member of Arrangement  
Committee of Charles D.  
McIver Literary Society.







ELLEN SHEPHERD

"Shep"

*"Talking she knew not why  
and cared not what."*

"Fun-Maker" for Senior Black and Gold; President Charles D. McIver Literary Society, 1st and 2nd terms; Pianist of High School Orchestra; Leader of Rooters' Club; Member of Athletic Association.

OLA SHORE

"Odie"

*"Contented wi' little and can-  
tie wi' mair."*

Member of Rooters' Club.





MADGE SILLS

"Madgetee" "Lady"

*"She is wise, if I can judge her."*

Associate Editor of Black and Gold; Critic of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, 1st and 2nd terms; Member of Program Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society, 1st and 2nd terms; Class Dreamer; Member of Rooters' Club.

LURLINE WILLIS

"Leanie"

*"Laugh and be fat."*

Member of Athletic Association.





MATTIE WILSON

"Mutt"

*"The sweetest thing that ever  
grew beside a human  
door."*

Member of Student Council;  
Member of Rooters' Club;  
Compiler of Quotations for  
Senior Black and Gold.

ROSALIE WILSON

"Rollie"

*"A daughter of the gods,  
divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair."*

Member of Rooters' Club;  
Member of Arrangement  
Committee of Charles D. Mc-  
Iver Literary Society.







BLANCHE ZIGLAR

"Little Un"

*"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent  
thing in woman."*

Member of Students' Council;  
Member of Athletic Association.

GORDON B. AMBLER

"Senator"

*"The very pink of courtesy."*

Vice-President and Chairman  
Executive Committee of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society,  
Section B; Member of High  
School Debating Team; Class  
Story-Teller.





JOSEPH L. COOK

"Joe"

*"A scholar, and a ripe and  
good one,  
Exceeding wise; fair-spoken  
and persuading."*

President of Calvin H. Wiley  
Literary Society, Section B;  
Business Manager of Black  
and Gold; Member High  
School Debating Team; Mem-  
ber Juvenile Club, Athletic  
Association; Compiler of Quo-  
tations for Senior Black and  
Gold.

J. CLEMENT HANES

"Jingle"

*"Thou art as long and lank  
and lean as are the rock-  
ribbed sands."*

Treasurer of Class; Manager  
Baseball Team; Member  
Executive Committee Calvin  
H. Wiley Literary Society,  
Section B; Class Auctioneer;  
Member Rooters' Club, Juve-  
nile Club, Student Council.





LUTHER S. LASHMIT

"Doub"

*"I never knew so young a  
body with so old a head."*

Vice-President and Chairman  
Executive Committee of Cal-  
vin H. Wiley Literary So-  
ciety, Section A; Assistant  
Editor-in-Chief of Black and  
Gold; President of Juvenile  
Club; Member High School  
Debating Team; Member  
Student Council, Orchestra,  
Athletic Association; "Fun-  
Maker" for Senior Black and  
Gold.

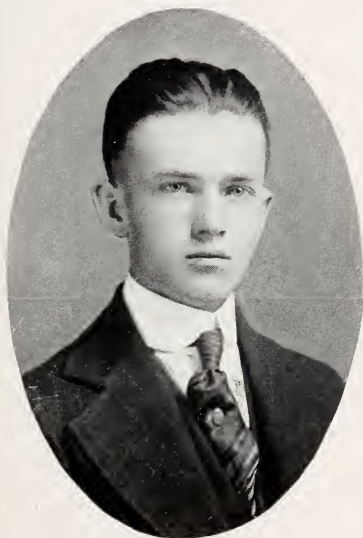
CARL H. LONG

"Bobbie"

*"And when a lady's in the  
case  
You know all other things  
give place."*

Secretary and Treasurer of  
Athletic Association; Assis-  
tant Business Manager of  
Black and Gold; Member of  
Executive Committee Calvin  
H. Wiley Literary Society,  
Section A; Member of Foot-  
ball Team, Juvenile Club,  
Rooters' Club; "Fun-Maker"  
for Senior Black and Gold.





EDWIN A. NASH

"Nash"

*"I am not in the roll of common men."*

Assistant Business Manager  
Black and Gold; Member  
Basketball and Baseball  
Teams; Secretary Juvenile  
Club.

H. BANKS NEWMAN

*"He hath a lean and hungry  
look;  
He thinks too much; such  
men are dangerous."*

Member of High School De-  
bating Team, and Typewrit-  
ing Team; Winner of Rem-  
ington Typewriting Medal  
and Kimball's Magazine  
Typewriting Medal; "Fun-  
Maker" for Senior Black and  
Gold.







TYCHO N. NISSEN

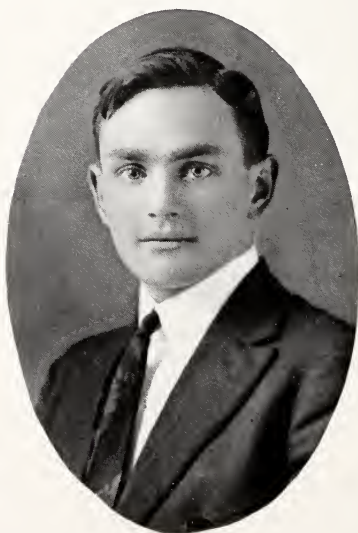
*"He's winding up the watch  
of his wit; by and by it  
will strike."*

Member Athletic Association.

HARREL SPEER

*"O, it is excellent to have a  
giants strength."*

President of Calvin H. Wiley  
Literary Society, Section A;  
Captain of Football Team '14,  
'15, '16; Captain of Baseball  
Team '13, '14, '15, '16; Cap-  
tain of Basketball Team '15,  
'16.





JACQUELIN P. TAYLOR

"Jick"

*"Shall I not take mine ease  
in mine own time?"*

President Athletic Association;  
Marshal Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society,  
Section B; Manager Football Team;  
Member Juvenile Club.

NORWOOD W. WILSON

"Pedro"

*"He was a man; take him all  
in all."*

President of Class; Chairman Student Council; Press Reporter Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Section A; Class Statistician; Member Football Team, Juvenile Club.



## High School Memories

### Class Poem

## 1

"I'm going now, Joe. Good-bye," I call,  
"You'll sweep up my foot tracks no more."  
And good old Joe gives his kindly smile  
As I step a last time through the door.  
But I pause as I cross the portal now,  
Of our old eleventh grade room;  
The happy faces all are gone,  
But mem'ries before me loom.

## 2

I like the memory of the mornings best;  
Mr. Moore at his desk, you know,  
As he reads God's Word and offers prayer,  
Then a choice little verse or so.  
It is as they are at the start of the day  
With yesterday's trials behind,  
And the sun shining down on a clean new morn  
With its joys and struggles to find;

## 3

That I see their strength and their weakness too,  
To fight life's battle of strife;  
For the happy old high school days are gone,  
We must start the race of life.  
And it's not as we think in our golden youth—  
Just a brilliant dash to the goal,—  
It's a long, hard track with roughs and steepes;  
But the prize brings joy to the soul.

## 4

There's a different prize for every man,—  
Miss Miller has taught us that.  
In the names that glow upon history's page  
From the humblest to monarchs who sat  
Upon their thrones in resplendent array;

They all have striven to clasp  
At the end of the race the true reward;  
But oft 'twas beyond their grasp.

## 5

For the boon of the soul is the finer things  
That are neither bought nor sold.  
With a single aim we must strive for them  
As Eneas in the tale of old.  
With the patient aid of Miss Wood we've gained  
The worth of the story he told,  
And a victory of mental and moral force  
That to strive at hard tasks will mould.

## 6

But the small tasks of life will confront us, too,  
And these are the ones that count.  
There's many a man, his eyes on a star,  
Neglects problems of small amount;  
And thus he never reaches his goal,  
For each is a stepping stone.  
So Miss Hunter carefully taught the girls  
The art of making a home.

## 7

The commercial students have prepared  
To conduct the business phase  
Of the work of the world. For each, there's a part  
In the masterful scheme, and ways  
To utilize all the brawn and brain  
By each of us possessed.  
So Miss Dodson and Miss James have tried  
To help them do their best.

## 8

For the best is required; the strong will rule  
In the struggles we each must meet;  
And our minds must be trained to keep pace with the years  
To make our worth replete.  
And, ah, as again remembrance brings  
The good old days to mind,



How far toward this end did Miss Mary strive  
Though we thought it a daily grind.

## 9

I remember all the original ways  
She thought up to relieve the strain,  
And the double worth in work and thought  
From her period we would gain.  
All our teachers did their best to make us strong,  
And worthy may we be;  
For in each of our hearts for them shall live  
A thankful and dear memory.

## 10

But my High School days are over now,  
And I softly close the door;  
Should I breathe a prayer as I leave this spot  
It would be, that forevermore  
Throughout our lives in work or play,  
Our standard would always be  
That, "only the best is good enough",  
In this land of the brave and free.

LUELLA COCHRAN.



## Class History



NE bright September morning, eleven long years ago, there was excitement in many homes in Winston-Salem, for a host of little boys and girls with "shining morning faces" were to enter school for their first time. From all sections of the city these little scholars came, and when the school records were made out that afternoon, it was found that they had filled to overflowing the first grades of the West End, the North, and East Schools. This was the Class of 1916, and as we look back on those first days that we spent in school we cannot help but smile.

But even then no one doubted that our class would be a success. The very click of our little heels as we marched through the halls with heads high and chests raised seemed to express determination.

Soon each small hand tightly clasped its first real school book, and a look of proud ownership covered each beaming face.

Then came the good times at recess. Such feats as jump-the-rope, stealing-sticks, hop-scotch, and crack-the-whip were a part of our daily schedule. It was usually with a feeling of regret that we heard "rise, one, two, three", which meant "you may go now," and we looked forward with eagerness to the day when we, too, should have second recesses.

How quickly the time passed! Before we could hardly realize it, our little Third Reader had been left far behind, and we were joyfully entering Grammar School.

Here, for the first year or so, our feet wandered only through "paths of pleasure", but soon the novelty began to wear off, and then we noticed that our way was rough and difficult. At the sight of long division and geography and history our spirits sank, and our steps grew slow and uneven. Yet in spite of all our failures, we pushed steadily onward, and soon we found ourselves ready to enter High School.

Think of it! For years we had studied with this one ideal in our minds, "to enter High School," and now that we really were to become students there, our joy was complete. Up to this time we had been considered children; just pupils; now we thought ourselves pupils no longer but students. Imagine our surprise, then, when we found our teachers did not agree with us; worse still, they plainly told us that "we had not yet put away childish things."

During our first and second years, it is true that we sometimes had to work pretty hard; but these thoughts of hard work are immediately swept out of our minds by the recollection of the many happy times we spent at class picnics, straw-rides, and parties. How we eighth and ninth grades did enjoy them!

Our Junior year was not all happiness, however, for we were forced to buckle down and work as we had never worked before. Sometimes it seemed to us that we would never be able to master the perplexing problems of plane geometry, but most of us managed in some way to reach the seventy-fifth notch, and then, again, joy reigned.

The first thing that we, as Seniors, did was to assume a very dignified air, and proceed to frown upon all misconduct by the lower classmen. Then, when we had become perfected in the art, more serious things were earnestly undertaken.

The event that stands out most prominently in our minds is the adoption of Student Government. We are the second class in the history of our school to have attempted this form of government, and we feel very proud of the fact.

In the Commercial Department the members of our class who have taken this course have all done unusually well, and some of our number have won fame by their rapid typewriting. These are Gordon Ambler, Banks Newman, Alma Lackey and Lurline Wills. We who are not so proficient wish to congratulate them on their success.

But our ability has not only been recognized in our school but the outside world has heard of some of us. Luella Cochran

has had several of her poems printed in a number of newspapers both in North and South Carolina, and Gordon Ambler's articles have won for him much praise, as well as financial reward.

To athletics our class has contributed a number of good men this year, having four representatives on the football squad, two on the basketball team, and three on the baseball team. Although we did not again win the State Championship in basketball, our team made an enviable record, losing only one game, and that by a single point.

But we must not fail to mention the many social affairs that we have enjoyed so much since the first of the year. A number of athletic and debating teams have been entertained from time to time, and all of our entertainments have been voted a great success.

And now as we are about to pass out from our High School forever, the feeling comes to us that only by continually striving to live up to the ideals that have been set before us can we repay our school for the many happy and inspiring days we have been permitted to spend here.

May we not fail to meet this obligation!

NELL HORTON.





## To History



It was the night before Commencement. My mind was filled with joyful anticipation of the morrow and yet mingled with the joy was sadness, for the ties of years were to be severed; our class, bound by common interests, was to be broken; our loyal band was to send its boys and girls out into the world, into the world as individuals with individuals' work to do.

Would the coming years fulfil the bright promises of the present? As if in answer to my question, Inspiration softly touched me.

"I should like", she said, "for you to go to the Land of Ideals. Imagination shall be your guide and Hope and Joy your companions by the way."

And so saying, she called Imagination, and quicker than thought spread before me the fair Land of Ideals.

In the heart of the Land was the Fountain of Purity, its waters flowing deep under ground, making all about it sweet and fresh; and hard by the Fountain stood the Temple of Endeavor with its altar of Faith, its walls lined with Courage, Fidelity and Perseverance kept the Temple of Endeavor and they seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of their own about the place.

"Yes," whispered Inspiration, anticipating my thought, "only those who take Fidelity and Perseverance as their companions really succeed in the Land of Ideals. Tell this to your classmates and friends as you meet with them on the morrow. And tell them also," she added as stern-faced Duty greeted us, "that only he who makes friends with Duty earns a place in the House of Success."

Just then Duty beckoned to us to follow her. But Imagination had other sights for us to view before she left us. Into a quiet, sequestered vale she led us where Modesty, fearing lest loud-sounding Praise make her known to the world, was in hid-

ing; then on through a by-path she brought us into a barren, wasted land, strewn with fragments of building materials, broken and defaced.

"The Plain of Failure," said Imagination. "'Tis here in this suburb of Ideals, that many, losing sight of lofty aims, waver in their purpose, and so, swerving from the path Ambition would have them follow, waste their lives in fruitless endeavor. On every side you see signs of greatness, but alas, greatness accomplishing nothing; for without steady Purpose, Determination and Stick-to-it-ness no one can accomplish Life's tasks."

"And just over the way lies Success," I murmured, for through the wavering tree tops I could detect the shining turrets of the House of Success.

"Just over the way," repeated Imagination, "but separated by a deep ravine"—and so saying she brought me through a rugged path into—not a clear, beautiful country as I had always thought Success to be in—but into a hard, forbidding land.

"Can this be the end of our quest?" I cried. "Is this the House of Success?" And I pointed to the unadorned, rather insignificant structure standing before me.

"Yes," answered Imagination, "but see, the House of Success is built on the foundation stones of Hard-work, put together with Thoroughness and Determination; and see, though the outlook is poor, how bright is the uplook—" and she pointed to the dazzling radiance above the turret-tops.

Just then the portal of the house flew open and Patience, with her ponderous keys, stood ready to unlock for us the shining treasures within. But Experience, grave with the weight of years, gently thrust her aside. "Not yet," she said, "not yet—may a representative of the Class of 1916 enter the House of Success. Go back to your classmates," she turned to me, "and say to them that some of them will go into the world as lawyers, doctors, busy workers; others will remain in the quiet circle of the home, but no matter what their work, no matter what their sphere of influence,

lessons of purity, truth, perseverance, determination, unswerving obedience to duty must be heeded if they would crown their labors with success."

The vision faded. But clear in my mind remains the lesson it brought, and gladly did I share it with my classmates.

MADGE SILLS.

---

### Sunset Land

Did you ever hear of a wonderful land  
Just beyond the sunset glow,  
Full of birds that warble throughout the year  
And flowers wherever you go?  
The land is there if we only could reach  
The signboard that points the way,  
And the path that leads to the open gate  
Is for only the joyous and gay.

'Long the path grows the dew-sprinkled violet and rose,  
It's but wide enough for two;  
And the luscious berries that sparkle near by  
Would be food for me and you.  
There is music there and the melodies  
Are tuned to the Maker's ear  
By the bubbling brook as it gurgles along  
And the breeze singing far and near.

And through the gate stretches far away  
That beautiful sunset land.  
There'll be merry, laughing children there,  
And lovers strolling hand in hand.  
So please go with me to the little path  
Near hidden in its winding way,  
And together let's find the gate and the joy  
Of our Sunset Land, today.

LUELLA COCHRAN.

## How a Fellow Feels



WHEN I entered High School, my highest ideal was to graduate as soon as I possibly could. In the ninth grade I envied the graduate more than ever before. In the tenth I laid my plans as to how I was going to act when I graduated, whom I was going to send invitations to, what my graduating essay was going to be on, how many medals and honors I was going to carry off; and above all how proud I was going to make my parents when they heard me delivering my declamation which was to win the silver loving-cup. All this rushed to my head when I was a Junior. Ah! how mistaken I was!

Vacation came. I worked at the store and prayed for the time to fly faster that I might become a Senior and *graduate*—above all, graduate. It seemed that time just would not hurry; it insisted on lagging and making me wish all the harder.

At last, with a cry of delight, I tore the August sheet off the calendar and welcomed September 1st, the day I was to become a Senior—but now all my desires to graduate were gone. None of the happy thoughts which had greeted me when I thought of the wonder of being a Senior and graduating occurred to me. A feeling of despair came over me, something like sorrow, something like—oh! I don't know how I felt, but if you have ever been to see a sick friend who you know cannot live very long and that that is the last time you will see him, you know something of my sensations as I came back to the dear old High School for the last year. For weeks this was the uppermost thought in my mind; medals, honors, scholarships, everything that I had planned was forgotten. A feeling of depression had taken possession of me.

But at last I began to brighten up; there was college to plan for, the chance of another four years with my books.

And so the days have passed; the time draws near when the end shall crown my labors. As I have not yet graduated I cannot tell how I shall feel on that important occasion, but one thing I am sure of; the memories of graduation day will live in my heart forever.

H. BANKS NEWMAN.



## Class Prophecy



T was in the Fall of the year 1940. I was traveling through the country selling books,—yes, I was just a book-agent, if you please,—when, by strange circumstances, I was drawn back to Winston-Salem, the scene of my girlhood, the happiest part of my life. How strange I felt as the old, and yet wonderfully new, town loomed up before me! What conflicting emotions surged over me as I reached for my grip, adjusted my prim little bonnet, and hurried forth from the over-heated car!

A waiting electric 'bus took me, not to one of the great skyscraper-hotels for which the new Winston-Salem was famous, but to a modest little hostelry that suited better my slim purse.

I had hardly gotten settled in my comfortable little quarters when a timid knock interrupted me. Giving a last friendly pat to my bonnet before putting it away, I cried, "Come in."

In answer, the door was pushed slightly ajar and a little old lady, fat as a butter-ball, walked, or rather waddled, in.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I am the housekeeper of this place and I just wanted to make sure you were comfortable. Why—" suddenly she started—"aren't you one of the W.-S. H. S.'s Class of '16?—Bessie Ambler that was?"

"Bessie Ambler that was and always will be," I answered a trifle shortly, for the one affair of my girlhood had been rudely broken.

"Well, well!" she cried, eagerly seizing me by the hand, "to think of Bessie Ambler turning out to be such a sedate, proper little old maid!" She laughed till the tears rained down her cheeks. "Now, my dear, you must just let me sit down and have a good, old-timy gossip with you."

As the one chair in the room was filled with my dusty traveling garments I perforce had to let her sit on the edge of the bed,

though the springs fairly swagged as she seated her ample frame by my side.

"Now, you don't know who I am, do you?" she began fairly breathless. "I'll give you three guesses, for I've changed my name three times since I saw you last."

In vain I conjured my brain for some hint as to who she could be. "I give it up," I said at last.

"Do you remember a tall, slender, quiet (?) girl who sat just across the aisle from you in the eleventh grade?"

"Can you be Helen Fletcher?" I cried, for a demure little wink suddenly brought back the Helen I knew.

"Helen Fletcher that was," she repeated my words, "Helen Fletcher that is and always will be, for, after making three ventures into matrimony, I have decided that single felicity is most desirable after all and have taken back my maiden name."

"Indeed," I murmured.

"Yes," she replied, "and there's another of our classmates who is about to do the same,—Ola Shore, do you remember her?"

"Why, surely Ola Shore is not div—" I caught myself just in time. "Ola was a commercial student, I remember, and so quiet—"

"It's the quiet kind that always give you the surprise. Ola got a position in New York as a stenographer, became so carried away with city life that she married the manager of a vaudeville show, and, notwithstanding her husband's protests, took training as a ballet dancer."

"Will wonders never cease?" I cried. "Do you know anything about the other Seniors of 1916?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "Madam de Lacke (Alma Lackey) is quite a noted chiropodist and Blanche Ziglar is making a name as the leader of the Woman's Rights Movement in our city. Ruth Craver sings at one of our new 'movies' and will really be a 'Prima Donna' soon at the rate she is going. And Norwood Wilson, our class president and member of our student

council, gained such valuable experience in managing us that he has organized a company for the purpose of promulgating the doctrine of student government in all high schools, and employs all of Harrel Speers' time distributing literature on the subject." Here Helen paused for breath.

"Henry Stanley," she continued, "you remember Henry? Well, he is a high official in the New Zealand-Australian Air Line Railroad. You see he has gone far from us. Luella Cochran long ago decided there was more money in publishing poetry than in writing it, and now carries on a large printing establishment with Lurline Willis as her business manager. She was, as you remember, a firm believer in young women and their place in the world, and, carrying out this doctrine, she has employed Ruby Davis as her proof-reader and Mattie Wilson as her advertising agent. Oh my," she concluded dismally, "there is somebody calling. I must go down." She deserted me quicker than she came in and I was left to my own thoughts for a while.

\* \* \*

The next day I entered upon my usual routine of work,—that of going from house to house, trying to interest the "inhabitants thereof" in the merits of "Modern Housekeeping." Going through a short cut to the residential part of the city, my eye was struck by a sign on one of the store windows, "Hair-Dressing Free. Welcome All." Being of a curious nature, I sauntered into the store. A motto in gilt letters hung right over my head which read "Be original at *all costs*."

"Huh, that sounds like Madge Sills 'way back there in the old school days," I said aloud.

A little lady, busily coiling a woman's tresses into fantastic loops and rolls, furiously blushed as I read the sign.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "I was merely reading this motto above me. It reminded me of a schoolmate of mine,—Madge Sills."

"Madge Sills,—why that's my name," she cried, "or at least

it used to be." And so it turned out. Here was Madge, our "dreamer,"—our idealist, wasting her time and talent in a Hair-Dressing Establishment.

She left the lady, upon whom she was inflicting unmerciful pulls in her quest for originality, and talked to me for a while. "Ellen Shepherd," she told me, "is my partner here. She gives lessons to those who wish to reduce their weight. She has her office in the next room, but is out at present. But I know she'll be sorry she missed you, Bess."

"Well, I'll come again," I rejoined, and so I took my departure.

\* \* \*

The first house I entered on my round of duties was a large, roomy affair *full of fresh air*. As the day was unusually cold it seemed strange that so many windows should be open. I fairly shivered as I was shown into the sitting-room and told that Mrs. ——— (I did not catch the name) would be down in a moment. Soon I heard a gentle swish of silk and, looking up, I beheld a tall, rather stout, middle-aged lady with beautiful golden hair and a benevolent smile on her placid countenance.

"Good morning," she remarked hospitably as she stretched out a soft white hand which I immediately took possession of.

With such a good start it was no time until we were deeply immersed in the qualities of my book.

"Well, Miss ———" she said in conclusion.

"Ambler," I supplied graciously.

"Well, I believe I'll take a copy.—Miss Ambler,—Ambler," she mused. "What is your first name, may I ask?"

"Anything from 'Elizabeth' down to 'Bess,'" I replied.

"My goodness!"—and she fairly jumped out of her seat,—“I believe I went to school with you! Before I married,” with a becoming blush, “I was Rosalie Wilson.”

"Why, of course. I might have known," came from my surprised lips,—“golden hair and *such* a lover of fresh air. Why, certainly!"

What fun it was to meet another of the old Seniors! With what eager expectation did I ask, "What do you know about the others?"

"I guess I know a good deal, for 'Missie,'—(you remember Mary Pollard)—lives with me and my husband. You know she and I never could be separated and so, when her husband died, she came to stay with us and we couldn't get on without her.—'Missie,' I say, is a great newspaper reader and keeps me supplied with all the latest. She was just reading last night in the new Scientific, which, by the way, Edwin Nash is editor of, that Carl Long had invented a wonderful electrical essay-writer and that Professor Clement Hanes, of Centerville Female Academy, was using it with great success in his work as teacher of punctuation in that institution. Jacquelin Taylor, I understand from Missie's news-gathering," she continued, "has been last heard of in Marmalula, Africa. He got mad at Joseph Cook for marrying his girl and went off in a fit of rage to be a missionary to the Hottentots. Let me see," she continued, for Rosalie always loved to talk, "who else were Seniors? Oh, yes! Nell, Frances, and Thelma. Well, Nell is only a first-class old maid with a green parrot and all the other paraphernalia! Imagine Nell, of *all* our classmates, turning out so. Thelma is librarian at our Carnegie Library now, and she actually looks large perched up on the stool at her desk. Think of it! 'Dink' Medearis is a social reformer right here in our city. She's a wonder! The other 'Frances' in our class,—'Frit,' you know,—is a Red Cross nurse and goes crazy over every good-looking soldier!"

"'Twas ever thus," quoth I. As Rosalie paused for breath I asked about Lena Hanes.

"Oh, Lena lives in New York and is getting rich quick from her talent as a designer of fashions. She makes an annual trip to Paris and receives her inspiration over there."

"Maude Long," I remarked, "is a schoolmarm, I suppose, in some quiet country town."

"Why, haven't you heard about Maude?" said Rosalie.



"Her graduation essay, you remember, was on prison reforms, and she became so infatuated in the subject that she adopted as her life-work the teaching of tatting to the women inmates of our State penitentiary. Imagine quiet, dainty Maude teaching in a jail. And Nolie Parrish," she continued, "is stumping the country for Lieutenant-Governor against Luther Lashmit. Oh, yes," she laughed in answer to my look of surprise, "the women are coming to the front in this good old State! Nanna Johnson is County Superintendent of Schools and, as I told you before, Frances Medearis has an important municipal office."

"Luther has entered politics, you say?"

"Yes," Rosalie answered. "If he doesn't get the position of Lieutenant-Governor over Nolie, he will enter the race for Market Inspector."

"And Joseph Cook?"

"Why, Joseph has gone into the insurance business and rumor has it that he is getting rich insuring even the weather. But you haven't told me anything about yourself or Gordon."

"Oh, Gordon divides his times between speechifying and scribbling," I replied, ignoring her question as to myself. "He keeps his private secretary, Banks Newman, exceedingly busy."

Just then the doorbell rang and the servant ushered in a portly, ministerial looking, bald-headed gentleman.

"My pastor," murmured Rosalie, and rising to greet him, she said pleasantly, "Dr. Nissen, let me introduce you to an old acquaintance," and, as the startled look came on the man's face, I saw he was no other than Tycho Nissen,—old Tycho we used to enjoy teasing.

What a time we three had talking about old days; and, when later Missie joined us, we felt as if the years had rolled back and we were again Seniors in dear old W-S H-S!

With a sigh, I at last tore myself away from the pleasant group and resumed my ardent task of selling books!

BESSIE AMBLER.

## Sale of Senior Belongings



HO bids? One silver vanity box, belonging to Joseph Cook. In addition to the regular powder case, this box contains a place for a comb and brush. Joe says he can safely recommend the mirror as Tycho Nissen powdered his smiling countenance by it and it stood the strain remarkably well.

What is that? Why, certainly, Miss Willis, you can carry paint in it if you do not desire the comb and brush. Too small, you say?

How much am I offered for it? What? Only six cents, Miss Johnson? Ah, thank you, Miss Shepherd, six and a half cents! An article of this value going for six and a half! Six-n-a-half. Seven! Who bids eight cents? Going, going, gone. Nine cents to Carl Long. Come forward and claim your property, Carl.

The next article I have for sale is a three-reel feature film, staged in the Domestic Science Department of the City High School; and photographed by Jack Taylor, who calls it "Safety First". In the first reel we see Miss Nolie Parrish, driven to the top of the table by a fat mouse. By the expression on her face we see she is yelling. In reel number two the hero, Edwin Nash, has heard Miss Parrish's yell and is coming to her assistance as fast as possible. He rushes into the room, makes a grab for the fat mouse, chases him around the room. Finally, in reel three, we see Mr. Nash drawing his sword, plunging it into the heart of the cruel mouse; then with a smile of heavenly bliss assisting Miss Parrish . . . . . from the table, and proudly leading her from the room.

Do I hear a bid for this? What, only one dollar-fifteen for a reel of this class? Why, with this reel you could put the Rex out of business. One-fifteen, going, going, your last chance; gone

to Mr. Luther Lashmit, rival of Mr. Nash's for the fair heroine's hand.

Next, a volume of choice poems with Henry Stanley's name on the title page; and recommended by the Governors of Minnesota and Iowa as choice bits of Southern dialect. Who bids? It will be a long time before you will get another chance at any of Mr. Stanley's poems as the first edition has been given away.

How much am I offered? Did you say ten cents, Miss Fletcher? Thank you. Folks, these poems are worth twelve cents of anybody's money. Come on, start the old ball rolling.

Who will give me fifteen cents? I am offered eleven cents; who will make it twelve? Classmates, this is a shame, poems by one of your number and you not willing to buy them. Going, going, gone, thank you, Miss Adams, eleven cents is better than nothing.

Behold this wonderful invention, people. This article is a microscope, so strong that you can actually see the ham in the sandwiches sold by the Domestic Science Department of the High School. This wonderful instrument was invented by Miss Maude Long, and used by Miss Nell Horton, to see that no ham large enough to make a sandwich is left in the refrigerator. This often happened before the discovery of this powerful glass. Misses Bessie Ambler, Rosalie Wilson, Madge Sills, who have charge of the noble work, have told me to announce that, as complaints about the scarcity of ham in the sandwiches have become so numerous, beginning Monday morning, a microscope will be given with each sandwich, so that the ham may be plainly visible. Those wishing an instrument may obtain one there.

This next little volume, a treatise on the Art of Misspelling, by our classmates Tycho Nissen and Norwood Wilson, is the last thing I have for sale. How much am I offered? Fifteen cents. Thank you, Miss Sills. I am sure you will find the book an invaluable addition to your library.

CLEMENT HANES.

# CLASS CHARTER

NAME	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
LUTHER LASHMIT.....	Humorous .....	You are right, there.....
NORWOOD WILSON.....	Clever .....	Why to be sure!.....
JOSEPH COOK.....	Studious .....	Hush now, little one.....
GORDON AMBLER.....	Cynical .....	And still we wonder why....
BANKS NEWMAN.....	Pleasant .....	O! For goodness' sake.....
CLEMENT HANES.....	Easy-going .....	Shoot a jit.....
EDWIN NASH.....	Explosive .....	So good-night.....
JACQUELIN TAYLOR.....	Pessimistic .....	Well, I should worry.....
TYCHO NISSEN.....	Quiet .....	I declare I don't know.....
CARL LONG.....	Resolute .....	That's a cinch!.....
HENRY STANLEY.....	Good-Natured .....	Just like when I.....
THELMA ADAMS.....	Breezy .....	My Stars!.....
BESSIE AMBLER.....	Vivacious .....	Two by four!.....
LUELLA COCHRAN.....	Humorous .....	My Eye!.....
RUTH CRAVER.....	Quiet .....	What did you say?.....
HELEN FLETCHER.....	Dignified .....	Grand ole thing!.....
LENA HANES.....	Explosive .....	O my soul!.....
FRANCES HITCHCOCK.....	Demure .....	O hang it!.....
NELL HORTON.....	Attractive .....	I'm all tired!.....
RUBY DAVIS.....	Studious .....	My goodness!.....
MAUDE LONG.....	"Steadfast and Demure".....	"Shucks!" .....
NANNA JOHNSON.....	Care-free .....	You ole mean thing.....
MARY POLLARD.....	Jolly .....	Horrors! .....
MADGE SILLS.....	Sunny .....	Oh Swat It!.....
ELLEN SHEPHERD.....	Merry .....	Oh, Hello!.....
OLA SHORE.....	Retiring .....	Oh, me!.....
NOLIE PARRISH.....	Sweet .....	Gracious! .....
MATTIE WILSON.....	Happy .....	Good gracious! .....
ROSALIE WILSON.....	Lovable .....	Oh, Heavens! .....
LURLINE WILLIS.....	Good-Natured .....	Sakes Alive! .....
ALMA LACKEY.....	Modest .....	Good-Night! .....
BLANCHE ZIGLAR.....	Dignified .....	Oh, I don't know!.....

# CHARACTERISTICS

## LIKES MOST

"The concord of sweet sounds"..  
 Parties .....  
 Notoriety .....  
 Winning medals.....  
 Typewriting .....  
 Mamie .....  
 Baseball .....  
 Ram's Horn Tobacco.....  
 History .....  
 His "Ford".....  
 To tell personal experiences.....  
 Dates .....  
 Tomboys .....  
 Peanuts .....  
 Reading .....  
 Chewing gum .....  
 Crisco! .....  
 Basketball games.....  
 Red automobiles.....  
 The country.....  
 Mt. Airy.....  
 Serving at recess (?).....  
 Dimples .....  
 Keeping study period (?).....  
 Red hair.....  
 To be let alone.....  
 Latin .....  
 Music .....  
 Thin people.....  
 To help somebody.....  
 To typewrite.....  
 Farm life.....

## DISLIKES MOST

Not making 1's.....  
 Writing essays.....  
 To miss a question.....  
 To lose out.....  
 To waste time.....  
 Work .....  
 Algebra .....  
 Latin .....  
 Attention from girls.....  
 Not to be noticed.....  
 To settle down.....  
 Math. ....  
 Library Rules.....  
 Other "nuts".....  
 O's on Physics.....  
 Studying .....  
 Rainy days—(curls).....  
 Rivals .....  
 Punctuality .....  
 Physics! .....  
 "Speer" mint gum.....  
 Examinations .....  
 Salem .....  
 Unoriginal things.....  
 "Monk"eys .....  
 Notoriety .....  
 Geometry .....  
 Talking .....  
 "Crushes"? .....  
 Blushing .....  
 Deceitful people.....  
 Inattention .....

## AMBITION

To play first fiddle  
 To be an architect  
 To win all the prizes  
 To be a politician  
 To excel William Jennings as a  
     speaker  
 To write a text-book on Physics  
 To invent a round cube  
 To graduate next year  
 To get M—d's consent  
 To be a Davidson graduate  
 To run a locomotive  
 To grow tall  
 To be an authoress  
 To be a poetess  
 To teach school  
 To get fat  
 To rest  
 To grow taller  
 To get a M. A. Degree  
 To graduate in music  
 To teach school  
 To be a prima donna  
 To be seen but not heard  
 To invent a condenser of thoughts  
 To find a powder that will stick  
 To write 100 words per minute  
 To be a school teacher  
 To play the piano  
 To go to college  
 To fall off  
 To be a first-class stenographer  
 To be matron in an orphans' home



## Senior Requests

We, the Seniors of 1916, on leaving this the High School, do hereby bequeath to the Incoming Seniors the following:

To the class as a whole—

The Monument of Self-Government, somewhat weather-worn but in a repairable condition.

Mr. Moore's "keep-up" talks. Fresh supply on hand at all times.

Nice lot of Physics note-books, well illustrated.

The task of managing the present "Sophs," the Incoming Juniors.

The privilege of straggling in at the front door.

The privilege of attending the Sophomore parties.

To Eleanor Taylor, Helen's "Double Mint" gum.

To the Latin Students, the "Ughs!" and a carload of ponies with harness in good shape.

To Annie Belle Yingling, Mary Pollard's ambition to live in Salem.

To Eleanor Smith, a bunch of second-hand kid curlers of Lena Hanes'.

To Louise Henley, Ellen Shepherd's position of pianist.

To Ada Gray Ogburn, Frances Medearis' cure for bashfulness.



## The Yellow Streak



GAIN the Referee's whistle blew and the blue-coated team of Drexal High School trotted defiantly out into the center of the gridiron to meet the Crimson team of Swannanoa and decide in the last quarter which would carry the victory home. The first three quarters of the game had resulted in a score in favor of the Blues, and well they knew that if they could only keep their opponents from scoring in the last quarter or score above them themselves, the happy news of success could be flashed back to Drexal that night.

The Home Team had fought valiantly but had slowly been pressed back on their goal, due to the superior weight of their opponents, and as the whistle blew for the last quarter none knew better than they what it would take to claim the victory for themselves. So it was a determined set of crimson-coated warriors that took their positions opposite Drexal's eleven.

A better place for such a game could not have been found. The populace of Swannanoa had come out to witness the last football game of the season in tens and in scores. They had motored out; trollied out; hoboed out; and those who could find no conveyance whatsoever had walked out until the grandstands groaned beneath their weight. Many could not find seats and in spite of protest they soon packed the side-lines in cheering, yelling masses—but the Home Team was losing the game.

While all eyes were focussed on the two teams as they took their positions, none saw or noticed the look of despair which rested continually like a cloud on the face of John Wesley, a sturdy substitute who gazed with tear-dimmed eyes on the departing forms of his fellows. This was the last quarter and he was not to be allowed to play. Had the Coach forgotten him or did he really think him "yellow" as he had been informed he did? 'Twas true in the last game he had failed to tackle a man

when he had been the only barrier between him and their goal and they had lost the game as a consequence; but he had tried and failed, and what more could he have done? If his ankle had not been half-sprained he might have gotten him anyway, but none thought that but himself. He realized fully as the last quarter began that the Coach and the team as a whole thought he had shown the "yellow streak," as they called it, and they wanted no cowards on the team.

This was the last chance he would have to get a monogram this year and unless he could play in this game it would be a hopeless dream. In a frenzy of excited anguish he paced the side-lines, while in the center of the field a gigantic battle for supremacy was being waged.

\* \* \*

Writhing, falling, fighting, every inch was being contested, but slowly with the precision of fate the Blues were advancing until the Home Team's goal was now in close proximity. With the regularity of clock-work the men sprang into their places.

"Smash! Bang! Crash!"

A cloud of dust cleared away to find Drexal's line a few feet further on their way, while the Reds, half-crying demons, retreated reluctantly in the distance.

Only ten more minutes and the game would be over. Was it possible for the Reds to score?

"Smash! Bang! Smash!"

A linesman was out and a substitute took his place. Flesh and blood could not stand it. Again the lines met, and this time the full-back was carried off the field raving like a maniac.

With quickening pulse Wesley watched the proceedings. The position of full-back was the place he had played for; and he saw the accident with half joy, half sorrow. Would the Coach now let him play?

Out on the field was being held a hurried consultation.

"We will have to let Wesley play now," said Woods, the

big captain of the team, "for he is the only sub. that played for full-back in the practice games."

"Yes, he is the only one who knows the signals," agreed another, "but I hope he don't show his yellow streak this time."

Then the Coach called him. With a wild bound of exultation he hurried off his outer sweater, and hurling it to the ground he sprang out onto the gridiron. Some of his friends cheered him, but the greater mass remained silent.

"Do your best now," yelled the Coach after him.

With grim determination, he took his place and once more the game began.

Only five more minutes to play, and still the Blues had the ball. But Swannanoa was desperate now and the line held firmer; like waves on a rocky beach they beat upon them.

Suddenly someone fumbled the ball and it shot out from the whirling mass like something possessed of life. Wesley saw his chance. With a desperate dash he made for it. Another had done the same but Wesley was backed by more than a mere desire to get the ball, and as he came in contact with his opponent, he sent him heavily to the ground, while he himself covered the ball. Swannanoa had a chance after all.

With shrieks and screams and yells, the onlookers cheered him for his feat, and the Coach rubbed his hands in satisfaction. Small though the act was, it had restored confidence in the team and they formed their line with a quicker jump.

The ball was snapped and passed to a half-back, and around left end he went. It was a trick play and the Blues were thrown off their guard. On, on, towards the enemies' goal he sped with a racing mob at his heels. But though Wesley was swift, the opposing full-back was swifter, and just as he got within five yards of the goal he tackled him; he had saved the day for the Drexal faction, they sprang to their feet in wild applause.

Only three minutes now and five yards to go. In suppressed excitement the crowd watched the crouching lines. With a heavy thud they came together once more. The ball was passed back

to Wesley, and with eyes bloodshot and jaw bleeding, he dashed toward the seeming vortex. It was a center rush and the contact was terrific. The very earth seemed to shake as the two lines met. For a moment all was confusion. No one knew where the ball was. The down was made just as the Referee's whistle proclaimed that the game was over.

Quickly the men picked themselves up from the pile which covered the ball; all anxious to see just how close the Reds had come to winning after all.

The Referee dashing up began hurrying them to their feet, and a glimpse of the ball was seen. Then Swannonoa broke loose. Yell after yell rent the heavens, for fully two feet across the Drexal goal lay a Crimson figure, the unconscious form of Wesley with the ball clasped tightly between his bleeding arms. He had struck the line like a battering ram and at the cost of great physical pain had saved the game for his school.

Loving friends hurried to his side, and as he came to in the arms of the Coach who had picked him up, he asked painfully, "Have I done better this time?"

"Yes," answered the Coach smiling, "you have done well and the only yellow you shall have about you this year shall be your High School monogram."

GORDON AMBLER.





# The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the  
Winston-Salem City High School

Subscription Price.....Fifty Cents the Year



## ON STUDYING SHAKESPEARE

In studying Shakespeare we unconsciously develop the moral as well as the mental side of our characters. His famous quotations, beautiful passages in his dramas, and his gracefully-worded sentences, all tend towards the greater development of our minds. But the moral side of our characters receives an equally great stimulus.

Shakespeare shows us the "eternal fitness of things" in life and gives us a broader outlook on humanity. With his unquestionable genius he shows us, in Shylock, a merciless Jew. And yet, before he casts that character aside, he makes us sympathize with the blood-thirsty old fellow in spite of all his crimes and misdemeanors. He shows us the "other side" of every question. He makes us love his heroes and heroines and sympathize with those in the meaner walks of life. We are not ashamed of the tears that inevitably come to our eyes when we read the mournful passages of his great tragedies. In "Midsummer Night's

Dream" we laugh with Puck, and in "Romeo and Juliet" we cry at the fate of the unhappy lovers.

We appreciate fully Shakespeare's genius as an author, and we do not fail to recognize his ability to play on our heart-strings.

A.

---

Our community has taken a great part  
SHAKESPEAREAN in the world-wide celebration of the  
TERCENTENARY Shakespearean Tercentenary. The ef-  
forts that have been put forth by the  
schools, drama society, literary clubs and music clubs have been  
more than successful; and we should feel proud of the work they  
have done. The keen interest that has been manifested is of signal  
importance to us. For it has shown that our city is as wide awake  
intellectually as it is industrially. Business affairs have by no  
means smothered intellectual activities. But there is yet a greater  
significance to the celebration. For we are reminded that the  
great Elizabethan poet and playwright still lives in the hearts of  
the English-speaking people. We see that after three hundred  
years his influence is flowing in an ever-diverging stream through  
the literary world—the world which today is responding to that  
influence in the commemoration of the three-hundredth anniver-  
sary of his death. We are well aware that monuments of the  
usual kind are not lacking to Shakespeare, yet he needs them less,  
perhaps, than any celebrity in history; his works are monuments  
that have brought him imperishable fame.

L.



## Senior Personals

Nanna Johnson is longing for school to close that she may begin "voice."

\* \* \*

Thelma Adams can hardly wait for Fall to enter the Normal.

\* \* \*

Helen Fletcher is planning a trip to Long Island this Summer.

\* \* \*

Nell Horton is rejoicing that class histories are no more.

\* \* \*

Luella Cochran has lately had a number of her poems copied by papers in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Best wishes, Luella, for your future efforts.

\* \* \*

Gordon Ambler recently won a medal for speed in type-writing offered by the Remington Company. This is the second medal of its kind awarded this year to the Senior Class, the other having been won by Banks Newman.

\* \* \*

Ola Shore and Ruth Craver are planning a Summer on the farm. Take care for the sunburns and freckles, girls. We recommend Hind's Cold Cream.

\* \* \*

Ruby Davis expects to make a tour of the State as soon as school is out.

\* \* \*

Joseph Cook has willed the surplus (?) of the BLACK AND GOLD fund to the Humane Society.

\* \* \*

Carl Long expects to continue his overhauling of Fords. We expect some day to find him rambling in a car of his own make.

Clement Hanes finds "Home Again" ringing in his ears most frequently now.

\* \* \*

Tycho Nissen expects to advertise Nissen wagons in the near future.

\* \* \*

Edwin Nash is planning to loaf this Summer before starting on his course as civil engineer.

\* \* \*

Ellen Shepherd is learning to finger the guitar and expects soon to be able to enter "Keith's Circuit."

\* \* \*

Banks Newman has been offered a position by the Remington Company as a demonstrator. We congratulate you, Banks, upon this offer; we feel sure that you well deserve it.

\* \* \*

Mattie Wilson is rejoicing that she has finished geometry.

\* \* \*

Bessie Ambler expects soon to be painting landscape in Virginia.

\* \* \*

Mary Pollard and Rosalie Wilson are grieving that windows on Fourth street are no more.

\* \* \*

Alma Lackey has already secured a position as stenographer at D. G. Craven's.

\* \* \*

Lena Hanes hopes to further carry out her "Crisco" recipes this Summer.

\* \* \*

Luther Lashmit is planning to enter the Carnegie Institute of Technology, to study architecture.

Jacquelin Taylor aspired to be a scientific farmer in January, but the hot weather since has proved too trying on his physique.

\* \* \*

Frances Medearis is becoming quite a chauffeur. We take the privilege of issuing a notice to all chickens, dogs and like pedestrians to keep off the streets.

\* \* \*

Clement Hanes and Edwin Nash are now suffering from an attack of popularity. Party pairing committees are often mobbed, when party partners are announced.

\* \* \*

Norwood Wilson is waiting for school to let out, so he can give his whole time to soliciting for the Journal.

\* \* \*

Blanche Ziglar finds pleasure these days in meditating over the beauties of nature.

\* \* \*

Nolie Parrish is sorry her recitations with Miss Woods are over. Cheer up, Nolie, you can find comfort in reviewing your corrected Latin composition papers.

\* \* \*

Maude Long expects to be a "lady of leisure" this Summer.

MADGE SILLS.





## With the Fun-Makers



Of course it's not true, but just the same it's a good one to tell on Clement Hanes. It happened when he was operated on a few weeks ago.

After the operation, the private rooms being full, he was taken in the public ward and placed between two other patients who had been operated on. On coming to, Clement emitted a loud sigh and in a relieved tone said, "Thank goodness, that's over." At which his left-hand neighbor said, "Don't be too sure. When I was operated on, the doctor left a pair of scissors and had to go

back after them."

"That's right," said the right-hand friend, "when I was operated on the doctor left a roll of bandage and had to go back after it."

Just as the second consoler had finished his tale of woe the doctor who had operated on Clement stuck his head in the door and in a loud tone demanded, "Has anyone seen anything of my hat." At which Clement fainted.—*Exchange—with a change of names.*

\* \* \*

### THINGS ACCOMPLISHED BY CLASS OF '16

1. Madge has learned to recite without blushing.
2. Francis M. has grown a half an inch.
3. Jacquelin has learned to walk.
4. Mary Pollard has become quite dignified.
5. Edwin Nash talks less.
6. Clement's handwriting has been interpreted.
7. Helen Fletcher has learned to read Virgil.
8. Lena Hanes has conquered bashfulness.

## High School Dictionary

Aftermath, *n.* On the farm, a second growth of grass. In Senior Class after math. is dinner.

Bean, *n.* The human head. "Hit on the bean" means "hit on the head."

Can, *v.* To be able. "I can" means "I have the ability." Now practically obsolete.

Debate, *n.* A disguised quarrel conducted systematically.

Declamation, *n.* A joke—sprung in society.

Exams, *n.* A graphic representation of student intellect; an X-ray view of the interior of the brain pan, especially of what has soaked into it.

Latin, *n.* The easiest course in high school (to fail on). See freshmen.

Lunch Counter, *n.* A part of the Domestic Science Department; the high school beanery. Often called the "gravity bowl."

Nut, *n.* A crazy person.—Nutty, *adj.* Got no sense; crazy.

Periods, *n.* What the school day is made up of.—Recitation periods. Intervals of silence.—Study periods. Intervals of comparative silence, in comparison with the Battle of Gettysburg.

Science, *n.* A brain racker; the girls' favorite, especially the Science of Physics.

Domestic Science, *n.* A science for the development of intelligence in the bisection of cheese sandwiches.

Society, *n.* Anything which takes up two recitation periods every two weeks. Formed originally for the purpose of making orators out of students—that is, making something out of nothing.

Sandwiches, *n.* The oldest things in the Domestic Science Department, especially ham sandwiches.

Rolls, *n.* Baked dough, manufactured by the D. S. Department. (Not to be confused with "light rolls.") Excellent as souvenirs.

The other night just as one of our Seniors was entering the Church with his best girl the preacher announced his text:

"And they took sweet communion together and walked into the house of God."

\* \* \*

Tycho Nissen on spelling class. "Plagiarize, to visit with a plague."

\* \* \*

Banks had just returned from the Y. M. C. A. where he had taken some letters dictated to him by Mr. Craig.

Miss Dobson: "What did he say, Banks?"

Banks: "Nothing. A preacher was there."

\* \* \*

Place: Senior Room.

Time: English Period.

Study: Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Action: Henry Stanley erasing the board with his usual extraordinary motions. Giggles on the girls' side of the room.

Miss Mary: "More interested in Henry Stanley than Shakespeare. I'd be ashamed."

\* \* \*

## EXAMINATIONS

(Apology to Shakespeare)

Examinations are so mixed with the elements of hard work that wisdom might stand up and say to all the world: "This is a dose."

Sir—Since this fuss about Shakespeare I've read both his *Romeo and Juliet*. Did he write any beside them two? If so, what others should I ought to read?—B. Luff.

Yes, he wrote a little more. Why not read "Mack," and then the sequel, "Beth?" Also "Tem" and then "Pest."—*Exchange*.

## **Rules for Freshmen**

1. Never, even in case of being one minute late to a recitation, enter school by the front door. But run around to the side entrance and, after cleaning your feet, come in quietly and tip-toe to your room.

2. Above all things do not promenade through the halls. When you become a Junior you may do this, if no Seniors are around.

3. Form your line quickly and quietly on the playground. Keep perfect step in marching up to your room, and be sure to remove all chewing gum before entering the building.

4. Always address the upper classmen in a respectful manner, and ask them no silly questions.

5. Sit straight in chapel, listen attentively, and do not crane your neck around every time the back door is opened.

6. When snow is on the ground, come out and receive your just deserts.

7. When buying at the lunch counter, make it a point always to treat the Seniors who are close by.

8. Regardless of circumstances, never flash any Freshman colors on the grounds. If you must wear colors, wear either Senior or school colors.

9. Take the Seniors as your ideal. Follow what they tell you to do rather than what they do.



### Want Column

WANTED—Dimples by Mary Pollard.

---

WANTED—Liniment for Jacquelin, crutches for Phin, and also a specialist to diagnose the cases.

---

WANTED—To know why Miss Wood selects the most difficult passages of Virgil for tests.

---

WANTED—Places, by sixteen cooks, well-trained by the Domestic Science Department.

---

WANTED—Several sweet glances from C. H.—Frit.

---

WANTED—To know whom F. M. rooted for at the basketball games.—E. S.

---

WANTED—To know the purpose of the black spool of thread on Professor Moore's desk in class. Does he use it to tangle us up in physics?—Seniors.

---

WANTED—To know who the benefactor was who placed the useful mirror in the basement.—B. B., I. S., L. H.

---

WANTED—To know Joseph's "get tall quick recipe".—B. A. and F. M.

---

WANTED—A cure for blushes.—Madge.

---

WANTED—To know where the "Sophs" got the big feet to walk over the whole school.

---

WANTED—To utilize the energy wasted on chewing gum.—H. F.

---

### Lost Column

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—One well-equipped cook from Senior Class.

---

LOST OR STOLEN—Two positions, by Nell Horton and Ellen Shepherd, former leaders of the Rooters' Club.

---

LOST—Several sweet feminine voices from the Rooters' Club.

---

LOST—Several valuable note-books written in hieroglyphics.—Clement Hanes.

---

LOST—One perfectly good heart to J. T. by N. P.

---

LOST—Bashfulness.—Fritz Crute.

---

### For Sale Column

FOR SALE—A good pair of brains, eighteen years old but never have been used. Apply to Clement Hanes.

---

FOR SALE—A carload of ponies.—Seniors.

---

FOR SALE—A fresh supply of grace notes found not only in "Oh, Dry Those Tears" but wherever they can be stuck in.—Nanna Johnson.

---

FOUND—The two positions which were lost.—Two Young Sophomores.



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---

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---

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Adams.

---

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High School. Good references.

---

Lessons in Dishwashing. Reasonable terms.—Nell Horton.

---

Before entering college read my "Discussion on the Crush  
Question."—Nanna Johnson.

---

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Talks on Elimination of Physics Bulk.—J. W. Moore.

My Latest Inventions.—Carl Long.

Hints to Amateur Vocalists.—Nanna Johnson.

Random Thoughts on Tomboys.—Bessie Ambler.

The Romance of the Gas Office.—Rosalie Wilson and Mary Pollard.

How to Be Content Though Not in Love.—Nell Horton.

Methods of Discipline.—Madge Sills.

Talks on Business Management.—Joseph Cook.

My Trip to Davidson.—Ellen Shepherd.

Points on Chauffeuring.—Helen Fletcher.

The Latest in Virgil: Prose Translation.—Tycho Nissen.

How to Become Famous.—Henry Stanley.

Hints on the Bolting of Geometry.—Maude Long.

My Experiences With Wrigley's Products.—H. F. Fletcher.



## Subjects of Senior Essays

- "An Hour With the Dictionary."—Lena Hedgecock.  
"How Modern Improvements Have Helped the Farmer."—  
Ola Shore.  
"United States and Peace."—Lurline Willis.  
"Lumbering in North Carolina."—Nolie Parrish.  
"Better Rural Schools for the State."—Ruth Craver.  
"Some Interesting Things About Birds."—Blanche Ziglar.  
"By-Products."—Frances Medearis.  
"Quaint Architecture in Our City."—Helen Fletcher.  
"Prison Reforms."—Maude Long.  
"The Magic City of Hopewell."—Rosalie Wilson.  
"The World's Debt to Missions."—Mary Pollard.  
"The Origin of Some Phrases."—Thelma Adams.  
"The Value of Our Library."—Luella Cochran.  
"Some Developments of Electricity."—Carl Long.  
"Foolish Superstitions."—Mattie Wilson.  
"Important Events in the Twentieth Century."—Ellen  
Shepherd.  
"My Trip to Washington."—Norwood Wilson.  
"Fifteen Years of the Twin-City."—Ruby Davis.  
"Styles."—Lena Hanes.  
"Points of Interest Around Norfolk."—Clement Hanes.  
"A Trip to Richmond."—Jacquelin Taylor.  
"Problems of the Kitchen."—Nanna Johnson.  
"The Best Friends of Man."—Joseph Cook.  
"The Rapid Growth of the Industrial World."—Edwin Nash.  
"Noted Women of the Day."—Nell Horton.  
"London in Shakespeare's Day."—Bessie Ambler.  
"Military Training in High Schools."—Luther Lashmit.  
"War on Alcohol."—Tycho Nissen.  
"The Value of a Business Education."—Alma Lackey.  
"The Social Conscience."—Gordon Ambler.  
"A Senior's Thoughts on Shakespeare."—Madge Sills.  
"Educating Winston-Salem."—Banks Newman.



FOOTBALL TEAM

## Athletics

After winning from nearly every team in the western part of the State and having won every game they played, the members of the High School Basketball Team left for Chapel Hill to play Durham for the State Championship. I need not mention the score as everyone knows we lost by one point. But we lost fighting and are going back next year stronger than ever.

Baseball has never taken very well in this school some way. But this year we had hoped to have the best team in the history of the school, when things came up that we could not help and knocked baseball in the head. As it is, we have played only two games, winning one and losing one. The team showed up fine in these two games, and should they have a chance to play any more games would make their opposing teams "sit up and take notice."

JACQUELIN TAYLOR.







BASEBALL TEAM



## Exchanges

The Tooter, Omaha, Nebraska—Your magazine is good, but it would be much better if you would add a few stories.

The Clarion, Rochester, N. Y., is exceedingly rich in original humor and athletic "dope", but its literary department is sadly deficient. We would suggest some original stories and short poems by students. You should offer some criticisms in your Exchange Department, instead of merely naming the magazines.

The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.—We welcome you, Cherry and White! Your Literary Department is exceedingly good, your editorials are splendid, while the locals and the cartoons are cleverly executed. We await with pleasure your coming next month.

The March number of the Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y., is very cleverly gotten up. The story, "The Last Five Minutes to Play," is unusually well-written. Your paper would be improved if more space were given to literary matter, and less to school news and athletics.

The Index, Oshkosh, Wis.—Your magazine is up-to-date in every department. Especially fine is the article on "Shakespeare."

The Item, Pasadena, Cal.—The literary work in the Item is very good. The jokes are fine but too numerous. "Homer on 'The High Cost of Living'" is quite original.

The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.—We would like to suggest to your well-gotten-up magazine the addition of a few poems, to relieve the monotony of too much prose. Why not print the name of your school and city on the cover? Otherwise, it is hard to recognize who you are.

The March number of the Messenger, Durham, N. C., is excellent. The stories are very interesting and well written, and the poetry is very good. However, it seems that jokes are lacking.

The Book-Strap, Charleston, West Va.—The Junior num-



BASKETBALL TEAM

ber of the Book-Strap is very good. Although there are not many stories, they are well written and interesting. The jokes are especially good, and also the poetry.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Reporter	Danville High School
The Guilfordian	Guilford College, N. C.
The Hillbilly	Asheville, N. C.
The Habit	Salina, Kansas
The Rayen Record	Youngstown, Ohio
The Stampede	Havre, Montana
The Book-Strap	Charleston, W. Virginia
The Index	Oshkosh High School, Wisconsin
University of N. C. Magazine	
The Clarion	Rochester, N. Y.
The Poplar Leaf	Chapel Hill
The Item	Pasadena, Cal.
The Messenger	Durham, N. C.
The Tradesman	High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.
The High School Enterprise	Raleigh, N. C.
State Normal Magazine	
The Cherry and White	Williamsport, Penn.
The Tooter	Omaha, Nebraska
The Iron Clad	Scotland Neck, N. C.
The Lotus	Dover, Delaware
College Messenger	Greensboro, N. C.
The Review	Central High School, Washington, D. C.



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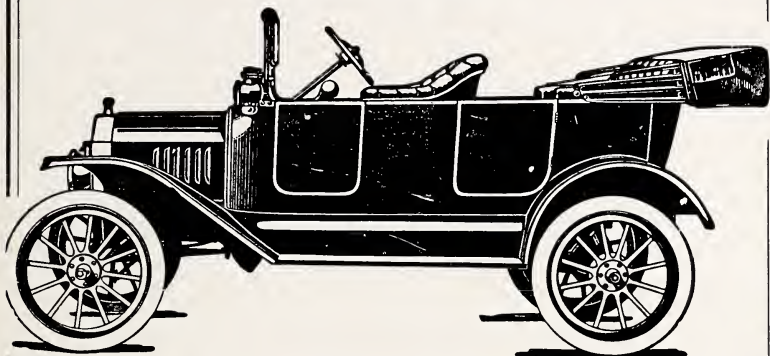
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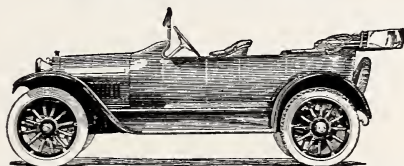
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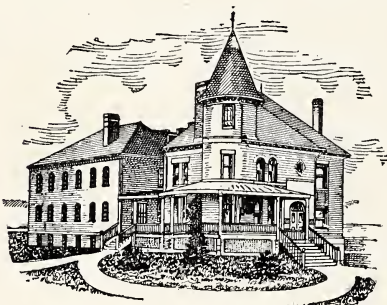
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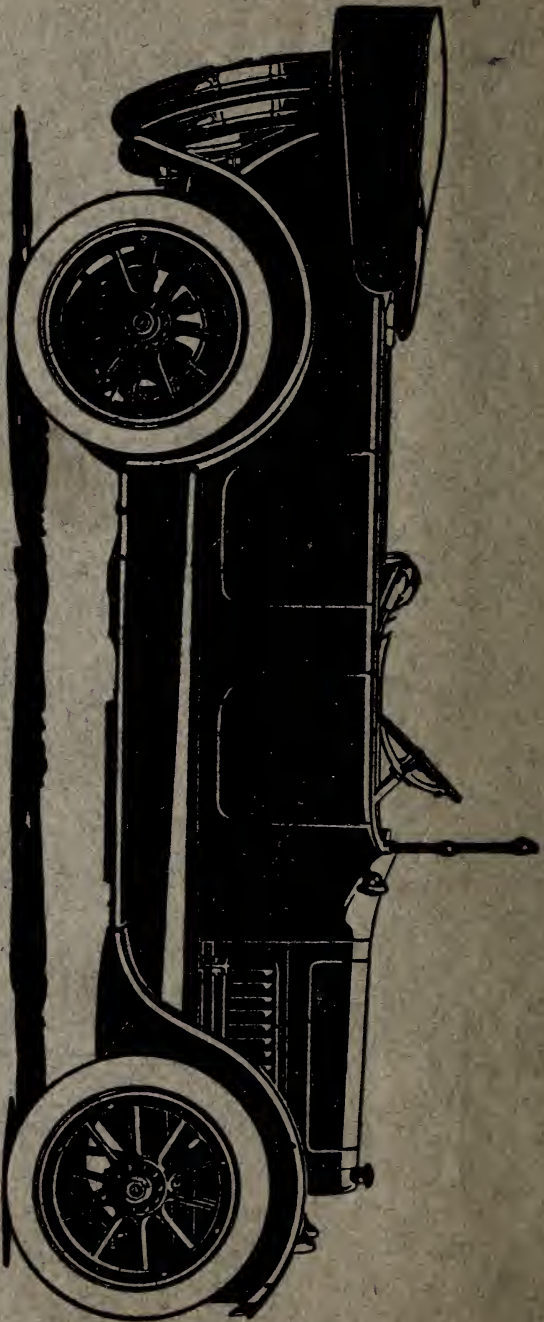
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